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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VII.—No. 312.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1890.

[ONE PENNY.]



SLOPER TRIES THE SIDE SADDLE.

"There has been so much talk lately about cross saddles for ladies, that Poor Papa came to the conclusion that before expressing any decided opinion either one way or the other, it would be well for him personally to try the side saddle, so, the other day, he got into an old habit of Mamma's and experimented in Rotten Row. I asked a lot of the 'Friv.' girls to meet me, and we enjoyed the afternoon immensely. Alexandry, as a groom, was too lovely, but the horses looked as if they had come direct from the knacker's yard. Papa says he will give his decision in a week's time. I feel awfully anxious."—TOOTSIE.

THAT PAIR OF TROUSERS.



1. "Here's a blessed lark! trousers of all kinds lying out for any passer-by to take. By gosh, I'm on this job, you bet—my kickies are, to say the least, getting a little shiny."



2. "Stole em? Lor' bless you, no! Eh? two-and-sixpenny ticket on? Now, who would have thought these things were meant for sale? A snare, I call it, to get a cove into trouble."



3. "Three months' hard! Why, what the deuce do you mean? You only gave me that for stealing a gold watch and chain worth ten quid. A cove can't get justice nohow."

THE MERRIE JEST.

In a rare old pamphlet, printed for Henry Bell, dwelling in the little Old Bailey, in Eliot's Court, about 1598, and entitled, "Merrie Conceited Jests of George Peele, Gentleman, some time Student in Oxford," are to be found a collection of as knavish tricks as ever rogue played on simpleton, and was flogged for, subsequently, at the cart's tail.

For instance, George, one day, with four boon companions, "being merry together at the tavern," and possessed among them of the sum of five pounds sterling, determined on two or three days' jollification, at the same time resolving that, at the close, they were to be nothing out of pocket. To this end George attired himself in a black satin suit, and his companions in livery, and, hiring a boat, they were rowed to Brentford, where, at the famous hostelry of the "Three Pigeons," George, passed himself off as a justice of the peace, who, having had a quarrel with his shrewish wife, in his mansion in Kent, had come that way with his men to drown his sorrows in the bowl.

Here George, who carried the purse, paid royally for musicians to play, whilst he and the hostess danced and the landlord drank at his expense; and so time passed merrily until the hour came for the reckoning, when George declared his intention of remaining a couple of days longer, and bade the landlord saddle a horse for one of his men to ride to London for more cash. As may be supposed, the landlord was glad enough to do so, and to hear that his guest

also expected some friends from town, for whom he ordered a grand supper to be prepared.

As soon as the man and horse were gone, another of the gang entreated the landlady to use her persuasive powers to induce the Justice to allow him to go to Kingston, nominally to see his uncle; but as he told her, in confidence, to meet his sweetheart, and we read that "my kind hostess, willing to please the young fellow, knowing in her time what belonged to such matters," obtained him the desired leave, and also lent him her mare to ride on, which he did not to Kingston, however, but to London after the other rascal. Meanwhile, George, who had been dining upstairs with one Anthony Nit, the Brentford barber, borrowed a lute of his guest, and said he would stroll into the meadows and play on it. The weather being chilly, the landlady lent him her husband's "holiday gown," and George, having drunk a final cup of sack, strolled forth accordingly, never to return.

He gone, the landlady in the market buying provisions for the supper, and the landlord absorbed by a game of backgammon with a customer, the two remaining rogues begged the maids to excuse them to the Justice if he should come back, for they were going to drink two pots with "my Smug Smith's wife at Brentford," which they did, and then made for London, whither George had preceded them by boat, and here selling the horse and mare, gown and lute, they had a roaring time of it; but, says the chronicler, "How my host and my hostess looked when they saw the event of this, go but to the 'Three Pigeons,' at Brentford, you shall know."

Some little time afterwards, however, poor Nit, the barber, all unexpectedly dropped in at a "blind ale-house in Sea-coal Lane," where he found George "in a green jerkin, all alone at a peck of oysters." George, though not a little abashed at the sight of his victim, bade him sit down and eat, and coolly said, "You come for your lute, do you not?" Nit said he certainly did, on which George informed him that had he not come, he would have sent it to him, "for you must understand," he continued, "all that was done at Brentford, among us mad gentlemen, was but a jest, and no otherwise." The barber saying he thought as much, set out with George for the house of an alderman, whose daughter he said had the lute in question in her care. Within sight of the door, however, George stopped short and said that, on second thoughts, he did not think it wise to appear in the green jerkin, lest his worship should imagine he had had some of his hounds out that morning hunting, therefore he proposed changing his clothes, and meeting the barber later on.

This, however, the barber would not agree to, so George suggested borrowing Nit's cloak and hat, and, the change effected, he left poor Nit with the porter, who knew George well, passed in to see the master, whom he told that Nit was a sheriff's officer, and begged to be allowed to pass out by the back door, which the alderman not only agreed to, but gave George a couple of ten shilling pieces to help him on the way. Great, therefore, was the surprise of that luckless barber, when he learnt that there was more than one door to the house, and sadly enough (though the alderman, on hearing his story, gave him twenty shillings towards his loss) he tramped it back luteless to Brentford, wearing, in the place of a new cloak and hat, an old hat and worn-out jerkin.

"George was a warm one," murmured Alexandry. "I would hear more of him."

"So you shall," said William.
(Next week, "More George.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

.. Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Where loose stamps are inclosed, the Editor will not be responsible for any damage which sketches may undergo.

TULIP.—Ha, ha! excellent! splendid! We nearly dislocated our jaw through yaw—No, no, we mean laughing over it.—SMOKER.—Oh, yes, any kind of tobacco suits; but, really, old boy, we must draw the line at dried lawn grass. We have smelt it, and think you ought not to expect us to do more.—POETICAL.—Oh, yes, we received it, but were not aware you required it back again. We are now in hourly communication with our waste paper merchant, and he informs us that he is bound to find it, as he don't happen to have more than eighty ton of waste on the premises at the present moment. Apply again in six months.—VOLUNTEER.—A steel ramrod should prove an excellent substitute for a kitchen poker. Perhaps it would not be advisable to ask the Adjutant's permission.—NAUTICAL.—Yes, we have had a fit of the blues, but that does not prove conclusively that we have ever been a sailor; in fact, to the best of our recollection, we have not.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

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99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

.. The List will close this day, SATURDAY, APRIL 19TH, 1890.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"WHAT is your business?" interrogated the magistrate. "I write for a living, your honour," replied the prisoner. "What, newspaper work?" ejaculated the beak. "No, sir," said the prisoner, "chiefly fiction." "He is a begging letter writer, yer honour," put in a police inspector.

Lady. If you please, Mr. Inspector, would you be kind enough to tell me how to carry my purse so that the pickpockets may not be able to steal my money?

Inspector (politely). The only certain way, madam, that I can suggest is to carry it empty.

YOUNG Sharpshins had his father, the other morning, on a piece of toast, and the old man fairly squirmed over it. "I say, dad," observed the youth, in his most innocent manner, "I can't help feeling surprised at you being so fond of larking and joking about." "Why so, my boy?" inquired the astonished father. "Why, because" (and the youth edged towards the door) "it's bad-in-age."



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 312.—The "Flower of Spring" Costume.



Tears, idle tears, and all because it happened to be cabbage water instead of mock "turtle soup."



"You can go to the party, Jane, but be home at 11 P.M." "Tain't no good, mum, first kerdrill don't begin till 10 P.M., and then there's an hour's walk home."



WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

Harry. Now, then, girls, look sharp and don your cricket clothes, we are several men short, and I've promised to bring you two down to play for us, so hurry up.



One of SLOPER'S ancestors. Supposed to have been Adviser-in-Chief to Charles I. immediately before his execution.



Terrific hailstorm, in which ALLY was recently exposed. [Drawn from the Eminent's own description of it.]

"WHEN I first saw Mrs. Sloper," said the Great One, "her lovely face was beaming from the window of her sleeping apartment. At first sight I took her for a full blown rose, freshened by the morning dew." Then McGooseley sighed. "Why, you old taradiddlest, it was only the night after you had a steeplechase of two drinking that you said, 'When I first saw her she had her hair in curl papers, her nose had been just tallowed for a cold, and she was yelling out for the potboy as he came from the "Blue Pig." If I hadn't heard her do that I should have taken her old chump for a pig's head they'd bought over night and stuck in the window-sill to cool.'"

THEY call me the old bachelor;
I'm envied by all the poor men
Who are married and done,
And have lost all their fun
Beneath the stern peck of the hen.
I smoke in each room I am in;
For curtains I don't care a pin;
I go early to bed,
Or I play cards instead,
Without being told it's a sin.
I eat and drink what I think fit;
For lectures I don't care a bit;
I've no mother-in-law
To find fault or to jaw;
Mine's not a bad life, you'll admit.

McGOOSELEY was in the bar, and the stern tyrant of the "Blue Pig" was nagging forth the torrent of "Unsweetened"—"I always," said McGooseley, "love to support schoolboy sports. But it's out of my means to do anything of that sort now." "Well," said the Blue Piggion, "are you fond of hare and hounds, and that sort of thing? As, if you are, all you've got to do is to send all your old leaving shop tickets to Harrow for the boys, and you could keep 'em going in stuff ready for paper chasing for the next twelve month."

PEOPLE may talk about the advertising ability of our American cousins as much as they choose, but they cannot beat the enterprise of a certain cockney who resides in Whitechapel, and over his premises exposes a board, on which is written, in bold characters, "WHY PAY RENT, WHEN YOU HIRE A VAN, HORSE AND MAN FOR 1s. 6d. AN HOUR?"

Young Man (who has held the four suits all the evening). Humph! Variety may be charming in most things, but I'm hanged if it is in Nap.

"AH! my machine's best, it makes sausages," said a butcher boy, making sausages, to organ-grinder. "No, no, mine besty!" replied the organ-grinder, "mine besty! mine makee bread and butty!"

"I HEAR you've been knocked down by a cart," observed Jones. "Was it serious?" "It would have been, but for the assistance rendered me by a policeman, who came out of some area close by and bound up my wounds, helped me into a cab, and, in fact, acted the good Samaritan towards me," said Smith. "Ah, that's not to be surprised at if he came out of some area."

WHEN the buds of April come,
No longer are we dull and glum;
Jim and Flossie, Jack and Jill,
Wander up the sunny hill.
Slipping in the flow'ry knoll—
Ah! the luckless lovers roll,
Jack's fallen down and broke his crown,
Flossie's socks are ginger brown.

"LEEME paint the pictor of th' old squire for yer, Marster George," said a rustic artist. "How could you do that, man?" inquired Master George; "you know very well he's been dead these two years." "That's nuthin'. Why, last week I painted Julius Caesar, who's been dead these thousands of years, and if I could do that, surely I could paint th' old squire."

"WELL, Sawney, mon, how are ye?" inquired Donald McNigger. "There's a muckle lot o' eelness and death about. How's the old wife?" "Och, she's as weel as iver, may be," said Sawney McNigger. "Jest my luck, mon! I'veybody is getting a change but me."

Old Contributor to "SLOPER." Where's McGooseley going? He looks awfully miserable.

Young Do. Do. He's going to drown his sorrows in the cup.

Old C. The cup? The barrel, you mean.

It was a "Police and the Public" case, and the magistrate asked the witness, "Did you see the prisoner leave the public-house?" "Yes, sir," answered the witness, "he—" "Did he leave in haste?" continued the magistrate. "Yes, sir, he was—" "Do you know what caused him to leave so hurriedly?" "Yes, sir, it was the chucker out."

"I LIKE to see the warm weather," said the dear Old Philanthropist. "I like to see the children playing their simple games." But when he had half of his ten guinea false teeth knocked down his throat with a flying tip cat, and when his left eye was sent flying over the chimney pots by a marble from a gutta percha catapult, and when he had a compound fracture of his left leg from falling over an iron hoop, then "Drat them," etc., etc.

OLD Uncle Jack is a grumbler,
And he'll sit down and growl
With a venomous scowl
While drinking his evening tumbler.
A rowing young man called one night,
And when old Uncle Jack
Said the Boat Race was "quack,"
He told him he couldn't be right!
"I don't care what may be your views,"
Answered Jack. "Though you try,
Still you cannot deny
The race always gives you the blues."

"WOMEN," said SLOPER, as his shy cheek rested on the friendly lamp-post and his dexter arm encircled its ferrated waist, "are our comfort in sorrow, our partners in joy, the sunshine of our household, the patient fairies of our hearth, and—then a nightcap which might be likened to the full blown cauliflower of the itinerant vendor was thrust from the second floor window, and a sweet voice cried, "SLOPER, if you don't hurry yerself in over that there door mat, I'll come down and get you upstairs, if I have to break the towel horse in lengths to make your coat tails fly."

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture offered to the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," an oil painting by MARCUS STONE, R.A., is a perfect gem, measuring 28 in. x 22 in., in a gold frame, and entitled,

"A SOLDIER'S GRAVE."

All that has to be done is to make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement inclosed, together with the Name and Address of the Applicant, any time before June 30th.

Address—"ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION,"

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99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

.. This Picture is on View every Friday afternoon between 3 p.m. and 6 p.m.

TOOTSIE DOES THE HALLS.

THERE are, the Dook Snook informs me, still existing many thousands of quite good and proper persons who have never been to a music hall. These are the poor people who pay their money and go again and again to sit out the dreary length of mild comic opera, and repeat with infinite mirth the feeble witticisms of the ungagged librettist. They know for a fact that music halls are places where all the male members of the audience smoke like furnaces and get desperately tipsy, and where the female persons among the audience are of the vulgarest, or worse. They know that the entertainment generally is of, if possible, a lower class than the clown comic business of a pantomime, in the middle of which it is their habit to retire yawning, and they have it on the best authority that the comic songs are—well, there, quite as bad as ever they used to be at Evans', the Cider Cellars, or the Coal Hole. They know all this, because they are positively certain sure of it, and have no occasion to go and see for themselves.



Millie Vanoni.

Time was, the Dook Snook says, when most music halls were but poor enough places, and where the price of the best seat might be sixpence (the Pavilion was sixpence, including refreshment). But what would the patrons of the old style say to such an announcement as "Private boxes, from £1 1s., and find those boxes to contain real live ladies in evening dress, and stalls filled with the highest and noblest in the land, individually and collectively enjoying themselves thoroughly? and, what is more to the point, not ashamed of it either, nor is there any reason that they should, where all is pure and pleasing even to the fastidious and peculiar fancy of the one and only MacDougall.

I was last week quite busy visiting the music halls. I went on Monday to the Empire, the ballets of which I described in my last two visits on the 16th November and 1st of February, and I find *The Dream of Wealth* and *Paris Exhibition* as popular as ever. Also is there the incomparable Vanoni, with her sprightliest of chanssonettes and nimblest tripping, to say nothing of Amy Roselle, the Jees, the Hulines, the beauteous Belle Black, and a host of other well mixed talent. On Tuesday, I dropped in at the Pavilion to see and hear the two Bessies, Bellwood and Bonehill, and Herbert Campbell and Harriett Vernon, and noted with pleasure that the long run of the Drury Lane pantomime had not in the case of either of the latter materially diminished the symmetrical proportions. Also marvelled I much at the "century's sensation," the daring Donaldsons. On Wednesday I was at the Trocadero, gazing enraptured on the fair Kate Chard, and killing myself with laughing at Evalo and Roisso's clown and Turk.

On Thursday I was at the "South," where Jenny Hill is delightfully clever in her new sketch of *Conn*, which is thoroughly dramatic and exciting. On Thursday I turned my attention to the Canterbury, where, in *Our Lads in Red*, my friend George Macdermott comes out very strong, doing deeds of daring among the savage Zulus calculated to set your hair on end, to say nothing of uncurling it. Here also I found Dan Leno as funny as of yore, and the Leopolds with their mysteries of a musical cabinet, and, by the way, I must not forget the *Brompton 'Bus*, a most laughable sketch, and the charming Preston Sisters. On Friday I tried the Oxford, and was greatly pleased with Millie Hylton in *Young Dick Turpin*. Little Tich was there, too, and very droll, and the imitable Chirgwin, who grows better and better. On Saturday I journeyed Hackney way, where Belmont, Barnum's Beauty and champion alliterative ad 'atcher holds his court, and at which just now is being given an original abbreviated edition of that most exciting melodrama, adapted from the French and for a long while successfully played by Henry Neville at the Olympic, called *The Two Orphans*. Here it is called simply *Blind*, and in it Johnson, Wieland, Emily Dowton and Kate Neville play remarkably well, and the sketch is thoroughly exciting. George, perhaps, will be glad to hear that his Tootsie, although, of course, the most modest maid made, and the likeable little lady who always retires to her bedroom when she desires to change her mind, did not change her mind again until she had been to see his show, and gaze from a distance in maidenly trepidation upon his noble countenance and manly form.

Poor Pa, who kept Lent with even more than his usual severity, is now down with a very bad bilious attack, and takes an excessively gloomy view of life. He says, "Why do we live?"

Alexandry and the Boy Higgins say, "Why, indeed? There's lots of other old jossers a littering about, wolfing up the food of the pore young boys."



Amy Roselle.

TWENTY SLOPER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK

To Purchasers of
ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:—
THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," April 19th, 1890.

Name.....
Address.....
Age.....
Occupation, if any.....
How many times applied.....
How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday".....

The List for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, April 23rd, 1890. The Result of the Competition of April 12th, 1890, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for April 26th, 1890.

193rd WEEK. RESULT OF APRIL 5th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded

"SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. GEORGE COWLES, Barman, 46 Stanhope Street, Strand. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—since No. 1. LONDON.
2. CHARLES PAGE, Schoolboy, Cambridge Music Hall, Commercial Street. Age, 13 years. Subscriber—since January, 1885. LONDON.
3. PHYLIS WILLIAMS, Widow, 5 Bengeworth Road, Camberwell. Age, 50 years. Subscriber—more than 5 years. LONDON.
4. WILLIE KELMAN, Schoolboy, 50 Rosemount Place. Age, 14 years. Subscriber—4 years, 15 weeks. ABERDEEN.
5. THOS. M. WHITESIDE, Engineer, 74 Sharp Street. Age, 38 years. Subscriber—44 years. ASKAM-IN-FURNESS.
6. JOSEPH MACMANUS, Excise Clerk, 6 Victoria Square. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—since April, 1885. ATHLONE.
7. FRED VINCENT, Acting-Manager, Theatre Royal. Age, 40 years. Subscriber—since commencement. BRADFORD.
8. JOHN A. STEVENS, Auctioneer, 29 Queen's Road, Clifton. Age, 27 years. Subscriber—from No. 1. BRISTOL.
9. JOHN BAILEY, Clothier, 20 Spencer Street, Hill Fields. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—5 years, 2 months. COVENTRY.
10. JOSEPH WORLEY, Carrier, 7 London Road. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—5 years, 30 weeks. HIGH WYCOMBE.
11. D. J. JONES, Surgeon, Bellevue. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—over 4 years. HIRWAIN.
12. JOHN BRISTOW, Grocer's Assistant, 1 Market Square. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—from the commencement. HORSHAM.
13. ELIZABETH ANNE GARTHWAITE, Mill Girl, Low Lane, Hopton. Age, 16 years. Subscriber—5 years, 5 weeks. MIRFIELD.
14. WILLIAM HORSWELL, Chief Petty Officer, R.N., 81 Copenhagen Road. Age, 38 years. Subscriber—since May, 1885. NEW BROMPTON.
15. ARTHUR HUSKINSON, Clerk. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—over 4 years. OLD BASFORD.
16. A. J. H. PREVOST, Clerk, Shorefield. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—about 5 years, 4 months. SOUTHEAST.
17. THOMAS WYNN, Hair Dresser, 88 High Street. Age, 42 years. Subscriber—since No. 2. TUNSTALL.
18. E. L. MAWER, Barmaid, "Rose and Crown." Age, 28 years. Subscriber—since May, 1885. WALLINGTON.
19. JAMES LEYLAND, Foreman Printer, 1 Hilton Street. Age, 45 years. Subscriber—4 years, 9 months. WIGAN.
20. JOHN CARTWRIGHT, Joiner, 3 Townsend Street, Groves. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—since commencement. YORK.

SLOPER'S SOCIAL SONNETS.

No. 78.—THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLDER.

I've a wife all drizzle tailed,
Children who have always ailed,
Measles, whooping-cough and cold,
Since they've been a minute old.

I am bald and dull of eye,
I am rather prone to sigh;
Shocking hat and seedy coat—
Please, sir, not to take a note.

I never drink, I rarely smoke,
Can hardly ever see a joke;
When my daily grind is done,
At home is precious little fun.

Wife in grumpy kind of state,
Summonses for local rate;
Greasy butchers, proud of port,
Threatening with the County Court.

Shrew and urchins squall and cry,
"I want this," "And so do I,"
In my chair I sit and mope,
With my lot can scarcely cope.

Once I was—a fact, 'tis truth—
A very jolly sort of youth,
Smoked cigars and saw the play,
Had a yearly holiday.

Then I married, 'cause 'twas right,
Though I wasn't wealthy quite;
Now we both our lot deplore,
Income's small—an awful bore.

She is fretful, I am sad,
Worse to worse, and bad to bad;
But it's right to wed, you see—
Marriage can't a failure be.

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelope. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

KICK OUT.

It was the grand annual match between the Beckham College football team and Podder's End. Beckham wore red and white; Podder's End were in blue and cream. Both looked lovely.

The captain of the Podder's Enders was a tall, fair girl with vivid blue eyes and a bright complexion.

"Just the sort of thing I admire," said Harley to himself.

He was more than admiring now. The captain of the Beckhams had come into view. She was gloriously dark, and her classical features

were shaded by the peak of her scarlet cap. She kicked out boldly with a lovely limb encased in a white flannel knickerbocker.

"Ten minutes' interval."

"Now's my time," thought Harley. The rival captains were strolling down the field, arm in arm. They dropped their eyelids. He bestowed on them a long, ardent ogle.

"Oh—h! He's coming after us," said Red and White. "Well, of all the—"

Harley lifted his hat and made play with his fine eyes. Might he venture to ask the young ladies to direct him, by the nearest way, to an educational establishment—neighbourhood. He had forgotten the name of it, but he had a dear little sister there.

"Perhaps he meant Beckham College, at Southwold?" blushed Red and White.

"Or Podder's End, at Bradbury?" hinted Blue and Cream.

Harley meant both. He had two dear little sisters, and one was being educated at each establishment.

Then they asked him her name, which was equivalent to asking his.

And when he stammered, they looked at each other. Then all three burst into a peal of laughter. So the double-barrelled flirtation began. Podder's End played cricket in that field on Mondays and Fridays. Harley never failed to turn up.

Beckham College sported there on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Harley was there on those days. The double-barrelled flirtation grew to a double-barrelled love affair. Three weeks passed by. Harley began to get tired of his conquests. Another football match is in full swing. "Going away?" Blue and Cream burst into tears. "Must I leave all the dear girls so soon?"

"No, hang it all! Of course not," said Harley. "But you said I was to be your little wife, and we were to run away together," sobbed she.

"It was all a mistake," said Harley. "Mine is a sad fate. To be loved and not to be able to love in return. You gave me the gold of your heart, Lotta; I have given you dress."

"Oh!" said Lotta. Then she thought a bit, and begged him to meet her next day in the same place. She accepted her fate. But she must bid him an eternal farewell.

"To-morrow is Tuesday, Dottie's day," Harley mused. "But she said she'd come early. Never mind."

"You don't love me?" wailed Dottie, for he had broken it to her.

"I have given you gold for dress," said Harley. "It's best to speak plainly. We must part."

"Wait a minute," said she, and held him tightly. And here was Lotta coming over the field.

"Look through the hedge, dear," said Lotta, "and see if he's alive."

"Alive, but lying in the ditch amongst the nettles, bruised and groaning," Dottie laughed.



The Captain was a tall, fair girl.



"Ten minutes' interval."



"Wait a minute."



"I really must give Charley back his ring. Why, would you believe it, I was at a ball the other night, and only obtained two dances throughout the whole evening because I am engaged. What do you advise, dear?"—Extract from letter of young lady.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 126.—MISS GORDON.

"Oh, rapturous bliss, for but one kiss!" —The Dook Snook.
 "Eyes like the stars, cheeks like the roses." —Lord Bob.
 "She scorns my love, my heart is blighted." —The Hon. Billy.

SLOPER'S SECRET CAMERA.



No. 43.—Portrait of a loving couple having a day out, etc. Taken, after immense trouble, by SLOPER'S instantaneous process.

A CANTER LECTURE.



"Hi, there! don't you see you've ridden up against the McDougall?" "All right, Squire; it's all right. It is the first time I've been for a canter."

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—HARRY PETTITT, ESQ.



(1). MR. HARRY PETTITT. "SLOPER! just the very man I wanted! Look here, I want you to impersonate the characters as I write my new play. It will assist me in developing the plot." A. SLOPER. "Anything I can do, Harry—" Mr. H. P. "Right! You'll find the costumes in that cupboard; first don those dirty rags, please—the wretched outcast, a creature of Lord Toptiles, you know—the very thing!" A. S. "One moment, Harry!" Mr. H. P. (writes, and aloud) "One moment! no, not a second! If you ain't prepared to die, that ain't my fault; but die you does." Don't be alarmed, SLOPER, that's what he says. (2). You may as well change to the gallant young guardsmen now. Yes, that'll do." A. S. "Hear me, Harry!" Mr. H. P. (writes, and aloud). "Hear me, my lord; your blood may be blue, mine is red as the St. George's Cross on the British flag; therefore I denounce you as a damned designing scoundrel!" A. S. "I say, Pettitt, I didn't come here to be—" (3). Mr. H. P. "All right, it's in the play. Now the cold, cruel lord. Good!" A. S. "But look here—" Mr. H. P. (writes, and aloud). "Look here—go! or my lackeys shall kick you out!" A. S. "Harry!" (4). Mr. H. P. "The play, you know—the play! Now for the happy young farmer. Capital!" A. S. "But how about the interview?" Mr. H. P. (reads, and aloud) "I thank you for this interview, Miss Brown. Oh, that I might call you Bella!" (5). "Now he's starving on the scorching desert. Yes, that'll do." A. S. "But I must be off." Mr. H. P. (writes, and aloud). "Off! off! hideous vulture! Ah! its fearful beak! Oh, this burning thirst!" By-the-by, SLOPER, you must be tired. Have a drink." (They rest.)

McNAB O' THAT ILK.



(1). "Look here, McNab, do ye intend to mend yer ways? 'Cos, if persuasion disna turn ye, I am deputed by the Band of Glesky Athlettes tae lièk ye—lèk ye into better things."

(2). "The air will freshen him up a bit," said the Elder, as he left him suspended thus, and added, "I'm a guid hearted fellow tae have treated him sae kindly."



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Well, friends, how are we all feeling this week?—something like the weather, I suppose, gloomy and sunny in equal proportions. Tickle yourselves while glancing over the following:—*The poor old Car, it seems to me, Will sure, assassinated be:—With angry look and cunning skill, The madman tries his friends to kill:—If hypnotised you say you'll be, Your teeth are drawn from pain quite free:—Hallé has gone across the seas, But ALLY's left to grief appease:—For forty days he's food forsaken; To Colney Hatch he should be taken:—"Shall I shoot?" "Of course you may!"—A bang a shriek, and dead he lay:—The German Kaiser will, I'm sure, Do all he can for soldiers poor.—Good old Hallé has skipped off to Australia, not our genial and worthy ALLY SLOPER, but our revered friend, Sir Charles Hallé, the famous musician. May he be as successful there as he has been in England is the hearty wish of—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.*



He. I think—
She. Goodness, gracious me! you don't say so?



SKETCHES FROM LIFE.
A young lady who is fond of having her photo taken.

NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED.



Private Jones. Mary, you have often said you liked me, and would do anything for me.
Mary (who has been wondering at his silence for the last ten minutes, and thinks he has at last come to the point). Yes, dear, I have; and I would!
Private Jones. Well, I wish the deuce you'd in future always bring the feeding bottle with those kids. During the last ten minutes they've driven me nearly mad.



HOW'S THAT FOR HIGH?

Miss Merrythought. Your pictures are quite in the top row, Mr. McGilp. I suppose that shows the high estimation they are held in?
McGilp of that ilk. M—yes; I had to hire a fire escape to get at them on varnishing day, and be hanged to 'em.



Popkins' dream after chasing his neighbour's roosters all over the garden for upwards of two hours. Popkins has shown a great kindness to the once hated bird ever since.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

TRULY, the lot of the Czar of all the Russias is not an enviable one. A man may be poor, but that need not prevent him from having a fair share of happiness. Not so with the Czar. The man who can be happy under repeated attempts at assassination is not yet, we think, born. No wonder there are rumours of the Czar's ill-health floating about; it can hardly be expected, under such disadvantageous circumstances, he can be as hearty and strong as he otherwise would be. ALLY sympathizes with him, and most emphatically denounces the frequent outrageous beset.



attempts on his life with which he has lately been beset.

AUSTRALIANS are witty people, as the following cutting from a Sydney paper will show:—"I ask you to state," said the lawyer, "whether you have any other children than this young man now on trial for stealing?" "Your Honour," exclaimed the witness, appealing to the Judge, "do I have to answer that question?" "I see no reason why you should not," answered the Judge; "you may answer it." "I had one other child, but I had hoped it would not be necessary to speak of her—she turned out badly," faltered the witness; "she married an English nobleman!"

THE export of canaries from Germany is very large. Every year about 130,000 of these birds are sent to America, 3,000 to England, and about 2,000 to Russia. The great nursery for the breeding of canaries is the Hartz Mountains. Many of the peasants are engaged in the work of rearing the birds, and receive wages of from £10 to £25 a year, a great addition to their earnings. Many canaries come also from the Black Forest, but they are not considered such good songsters.

TOOTSIE always likes to provide her lady friends with something tasty when possible, and hopes the following will suit all tastes. A very effective dress can be made by the amateur lady dressmaker of taste by cutting the flowers out of fine black lace and appliquéing them on to a dress of coloured pongé silk in an elaborate design. With suitable trimming similarly formed for the bodice, a very excellent effect can be obtained.

THE night before Good Friday was very wisely selected for the visit of the Sloper family to the Queen's Palace, High Street, Poplar. Whenever the F.O.M. goes out, he makes a point of painting the locality a bright crimson, and the following day off is invariably necessary. The Messrs. M. and F. Abrahams greeted the Pioneer of Purity on the threshold of the Queen's by kissing him three times on the forehead and once on the apex of his facial adornment, after which impressive ceremony he was escorted to a private box, the band playing "Annie Rooney." The entertainment at this (Poplar) place of amusement is admirable. Many of ALLY's old friends recognized him from the stage, Herbert Campbell, Tom Wootwell and Dora Fielding being singularly demonstrative in their attentions. After partaking freely of Easter Eggs and other things with Walter Loosley and Frank Estcourt, the T.W.M. adjourned to that bourne whence no traveller returns—perfectly sober.

THEY throw quite a lot of poetry and religion into even an elephant's death nowadays. Adam Forepaugh, an American, lost one of these animals the other day, and all the newspapers in the neighbourhood of the show came out with "Gone to join Jumbo."

WE notice that Thomas Thorne advertises *She Stoops to Conquer* to succeed *Clarissa* at the Vaudeville. Why so, Mr. Thorne, when you have such a play in your repertoire as *Miss Tomboy*? Surely this smart little comedy would prove a far greater draw than Goldsmith's worn out old play. In our opinion, the former piece placed in the evening bill would, in all probability, prove one of the most successful plays now running in London. Miss W. Emery as the *Tomboy* is excellent, and her rendering of this character and *Clarissa* (parts of such opposite natures), stamps her as one of the best actresses of modern times. It would be hard to tell which she shines brightest in, for she is being almost perfect in both. By-the-by, we should very much like to see more of that clever young actor, Cyril Maude.



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A YOUNG French poet has issued a volume of verse called "Néva," in which occurs a love poem addressed to a beautiful young Russian lady of the musical name of Goloubouchka. This is how the ardent Gaul expresses his ardent admiration for his lady love:—

"Your hands are like the hands of an icon,
And your black eyes are like fresh caviare."
This really surpasses the chaste muse of Mr. Coburn.

THE object of A. SLOPER's life has been attained! This week his "Christmas Appeal" has reached the handsome total of £250, and at that amount he closes the list, but not without thanking with all his heart those kind people who have so generously helped him to lighten the burden of many a poor fellow creature. That £250 enabled ALLY to issue 2,000 half-crown tickets, all of which have been cashed at "The Sloperies," and he can positively assure the subscribers that in not one single instance has the money got into undeserving hands. The cost of printing and distributing was defrayed by A. SLOPER. This does not read like modesty, but no matter. So that the good work should not come to an end, we shall start next week "ALLY Sloper's Poor Box." The *Eminent's* weekly donation will be £1, and he trusts that among his many thousands of readers there will always be found a few who will lend him a helping hand, no matter how small the subscription.

A FARMER, named Meyer, occupied a cabin with his wife and two pretty grown-up daughters in the bottom lands south of Villa Ridge, Illinois. A short time ago, the overflow from the river began inundating the bottoms, and very soon the Meyer farm was almost covered with water. The family, however, refused to leave, although importuned by neighbours. Two nights after the house collapsed, and Mrs. Meyer and her two daughters were drowned. Mr. Meyer almost miraculously escaped. A sad case, indeed, of bad judgment and determined persistency to have one's own way. What the bereaved husband and father feels now no one can say, but his greatest punishment is probably his self reproaches.

LET us hope we have heard the last of the Goode r. Mitchell case. Throughout a nasty odour has surrounded it, and it was a great pity it was ever allowed to be made a police case of. We have given our opinion of the defendant in a previous number, and still maintain it. But in this case it seems to us that one was equally as bad as the other, so perhaps it was quite as well that Mr. Hannay declined to send the case for trial, on the grounds that no jury would convict. In the Central Criminal Court facts might have oozed out which 'twere better for all parties should remain secret. We hope that the affair will prove a lesson to Charles Mitchell in future, and teach him to be more lenient to those persons who do not profess to be champion boxers.

THE conductor of a freight train at Lima, Ohio, has met with his death in a gallant attempt to protect the goods under his care. Six burly ruffians attacked the cars for the purpose of plunder, but were met with so stout a resistance from the brave official that for some time they were baulked in their object. The unfortunate man, however, who had to fight single handed, after a heroic struggle was shot dead by one of the cowardly gang.

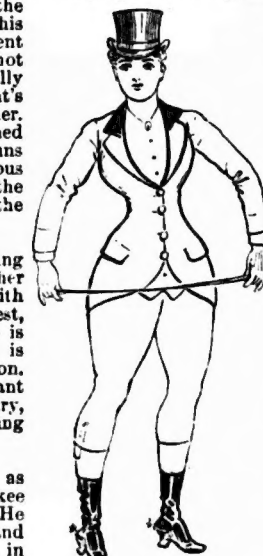
A CONCERT, under the auspices of Miss Stella Maris, was given at Wandsworth Town Hall some few nights ago, when a capital programme was got through. Miss Maris herself formed one of the principal attractions, and her rendering of several different songs were rapturously applauded.

A WEDDING party in Hoboken, New York, was bereft of one of the principals just as the ceremony had commenced. The father of the bridegroom, a well made man, suddenly appeared, shouldered him, and carried him off—a muscular but very effective way of forbidding the banns.

THE opposite sex are rapidly taking the place of men. Female grooms are now quite common, and now a lady tiger-killer of great skill and prowess has turned up in the person of Mrs. Evans Gordon. This fearless lady, as a member of a recent Cooch Behar hunting expedition, shot an angry tigress who was actually within a few yards of her elephant's trunk, preparing to spring upon her. Her shot, we are told, was as well timed as it was well aimed, for the other grooms engaged had failed to stop the furious brute. This is not the first time the lady has shown promptitude in the moment of danger.

THERE are many people suffering with their liver, but we doubt whether there are many persons affected with a bullet in that organ. Major Forrest, of the Hampshire Regiment, who is on his way home from Burma, is stated to be in this unpleasant position. If it should prove that the gallant officer can recover from such an injury, the case will be extremely interesting from a medical point of view.

EDISON, who is often referred to as a "Yankee inventor," is not a Yankee at all, though he looks like one. He is of English and Dutch ancestry, and was born at the village of Milan, in Erie County, Ohio, February 11th, 1847, though in taking up his quarters at Menlo Park, New Jersey, he but returned to his family head quarters, as his grandfather, upon arriving in the United States from Holland, established himself near Newark, in that State.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 26TH, 1890.

20th April, 1828.—On this date, it was reported that the fossil rib of a whale had been discovered in the cliff near Kemp Town, Brighton. On the earth and stone being cleared from it, it was exposed to view in an uninjured state; but such was the fragile state of the specimen, that, upon attempting to remove it, the whole mass fell to pieces. The length of the bone was about 12 feet, being upwards of 30 inches in circumference at the largest extremity: when perfect, it must have exceeded 20 feet in length. The stratum in which it occurred contained the bones and teeth of the elephant, horse, ox and deer; an assemblage of organic remains not uncommon in similar strata in other parts of England.

20th April, 1721.—Louis Laguerre, painter, the assistant and imitator of Verrio, died this day. Towards his latter end he grew drowsy and inactive, and going to see the *Island Princess* at Drury Lane, which was acted for the benefit of his son, then newly entered to sing on the stage, he was seized with a stroke of apoplexy, and died before the play began. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

21st April, 1849.—James Bloomfield Rush was executed at Norwich this day, for the murders of Mr. Jermy and his son, at Stanfield Hall, on November 28th, 1848. Rush seemed to have made up his mind to kill the whole family, for on the same occasion he fired at and dangerously wounded Mrs. Jermy and the housemaid. At his execution an immense black banner was unfurled from the battlements of Norwich Castle, to mark the extraordinary guilt of the prisoner. Rush was a tenant farmer in a tolerably good position, and was a tenant under Mr. Jermy, who had been Recorder of Norwich. He went in the evening, armed with a couple of pistols, at the time Mr. Jermy was in the habit of smoking his cigar after dinner. He found his victim standing at the porch, and at once fired at him, then he entered the house, killed Mr. Jermy, junior (the son), and wounded Mrs. Jermy and a housemaid. His guilt was brought home to him by the evidence of a girl whom he had seduced under promise of marriage. If he had fulfilled this promise the evidence against him would have broken down, and he would have been acquitted. Stanfield Hall was to let for a long time owing to the murder, but it is now occupied by Colonel G. Boileau.

22nd April, 1629.—John Bigg, the celebrated Dinton hermit, who was baptized this day, was clerk to Simon Mayne, one of the judges who passed sentence of death on Charles I. He was once possessed of considerable property, but "upon the Restoration began to grow melancholy, and betook himself to a cave at Dinton," where he passed the rest of his life, living on charity. "But he never asked for anything but leather, which he would nail or tack to his clothes. His shoes are still preserved (1712), one of them in the Bodleian repository. They are very large, and made up of about a thousand patches of leather."

22nd April, 1845.—The Queen this day visited the *Great Britain* steamship off Blackwall. In the *British Magazine and Review* of 1783, under the date of the 26th October, is the following note:—"An experiment was tried in the river on a coal barge to work it against the tide by means of an apparatus fixed to its sides; so contrived, that when put in motion (which was done by a fire-engine), it rowed three pair of oars, and required only the assistance of a man to steer."

23rd April, 1867.—An "Irish Giant," standing 6ft. 4in., named O'Baldwin, was this day to have fought Joe Wormald for the belt, and three hundred persons travelled down into the country by the South Eastern Railway, only to find that the Giant had "somehow mistaken the terminus, and by a misdirection was sitting in a four-wheeler, doubled up like a pocket-knife, under a dry arch in Tooley Street, while the special steamed off without him, so Joe Wormald received £200 forfeit."

23rd April, 1775.—Joseph Mallord William Turner, R.A., one of the greatest of English landscape painters, was born this day, at 26 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, where his father carried on the business of a hairdresser. Turner was once commissioned by a nobleman to paint a landscape. He was to have a thousand guineas for it. He brought it home, and his lordship wrote him a cheque for the thousand guineas. Turner took the cheque, and said, "Oh, there's the hackney coach I brought it in—that's three and sixpence."

24th April, 1812.—Phineas Adams, a private in the West Somerset Militia, who had twice shammed sickness and once deserted, this day fell down a flight of stone steps, and a day or two afterwards appeared to be in a state of profound insensibility, which lasted for nearly three months. He was bled and blistered, and strong aperients and electrical shocks applied, and he was made to inhale nitrous oxide gas without apparently producing any sensation. They even *scalped* him to examine his skull, a part of which being scraped, caused him once to groan. As his case seemed perfectly remediless, he received his discharge; but ten days later the neighbours were amazed to find him apparently in robust health, assisting his father in thatching a rick and doing farm work. Hearing a rumour of a press-gang coming for him, he suddenly absconded. He and his father bore notoriously bad characters in the parish.

25th April, 1828.—This day, a little girl, about nine years of age, was discovered suspended from a tree in one of the pastures belonging to Carleton Hall, near Penrith. It was at first supposed that she had committed suicide; but upon examination by a medical gentleman, her neck was found in a state of dislocation, and it was conjectured that she had fastened her swinging-rope to a tree for the purpose of amusement, and by some means not accounted for, it slipped off and caught herself by the chin and dislocated her neck. In this position she was found, with her knees nearly upon the ground, quite dead.

25th April, 1861.—Charles Warner made his first appearance this day at the Princess', as "Benvolio," in *Romeo and Juliet*.

26th April, 1828.—Mrs. Aris, the mistress of the choruses at the Surrey Theatre, who had been imprisoned on the charge of stealing various articles of jewellery, the property of Mr. Bennett, a veterinary surgeon, was this day tried at the Surrey Sessions for the offence. A great many witnesses gave the prisoner an excellent character. The jury found her guilty, but recommended her to mercy in which the prosecutor most strongly joined. The prisoner was sentenced to pay a fine of 1s. and be discharged. During the whole of the trial the prisoner was in strong hysterics.

26th April, 1888.—Dr. Castelnau, a person accused of defrauding the English and American Insurance Companies, was condemned this day at Versailles to eight years' imprisonment and a fine. Martinet, an apothecary who assisted him in passing off the dead body of a man called Glockner as that of the actually living Von Scheurer, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment and a fine, while a servant, Prouteau, was acquitted. Castelnau's great age saved him from a severer sentence.

ALLY SLOPER'S
FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted) who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

TOOTH THIN.

(A MUDDLED MEDLEY.)

According to the *British Medical Journal*, an expert lately showed that bagpipe playing had an injurious effect on the teeth. He had found that many of the teeth of the band of the Cameronian Highlanders were by this means worn in a peculiar fashion.]

AIR:—My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose.



O' TEETH we once had
each two raws
(We sodgers o' the
Croon),
But each his teeth oot
daily blaws
To keep the pipes in
tune.
We know the bagpipes'
music's sweet,
An' cheers a' hairts, for-
sooth;
But, ne'ertheless, it gars us
greet
To blaw oot ilka tooth.
AIR:—Green Grows the
Rushes, O!
For bagpipes, though
they're bonny things,
Aroosin' joy's best
flashes, O,
Inflict on us keen sorrow's
stings,
An' wi' oor feedin' clashes, O,
Grim graw oor flashes, O!
An' tae continue rash is, O,
Sin' each wha's blown the bagpipes' drone
Mere toothless gums noo gnashes, O!

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish what the Applicant is in want of, and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," April 19th, 1890.

Name

Address

Want *

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

168th WEEK.

RESULT OF APRIL 5th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. CLARA EMILY WINROW, 2 Cranbrook Street, OLDHAM.

A WORKBOX.

2. WILLIAM FEIST, 3 Falkland Gardens, DORKING.

A BOX OF CARPENTER'S TOOLS.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address are enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the advertisements inserted. Advertisements already received, which do not appear below, will be inserted as soon as space admits. Address—

TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

LOUIE, aged 22, would like to correspond with a mechanic or a soldier, a few years her senior, with a view to matrimony. Louie is medium height, dark, passable looking and very jolly; would make a loving, cheerful wife. Correspondents must be jovial, musical, passable and good looking. Photos exchanged. Address, confidentially, "LOUIE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN, holding good social positions in India (ages and description respectively: George, complexion dark, age 23, height 5 ft. 8 in.; Willie, complexion fair, age 26, height 5 ft. 5 in.; Stanley, complexion fair, age 22, height 5 ft. 7 in.) wish to correspond with three young ladies about the same age and of good, loving dispositions, with a view to matrimony. Address, with photos, which will be returned, "GEORGE, WILLIE AND STANLEY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A PRETTY IRISH GIRL, aged 18, tall, good figure, dark grey eyes, chestnut hair, good complexion, with a good temper and loving disposition, would like to correspond with a gentleman, with a view to matrimony. He must have a good temper and income, and be tall and not over 40. Please address, with own photo, "KATHLEEN," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

ARTHUR, aged 37, fair, medium height, occupying Government situation, salary £150 a year, with small private income, would like to correspond with a lady between 30 and 37; medium stature; must be fairly educated and thoroughly domesticated, and in possession of some means. Widow, without incumbrance, not objected to. Abstinence preferred. Address, in confidence, with photo, which will be returned, "ARTHUR," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

MINNIE AND GEORGINA, each aged 20, would like to correspond with two respectable tradesmen, with a view to marriage. Georgina tall and fair; Minnie, tall and dark; both considered good looking, and would like to make good wives. Please address, "MINNIE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

* It has come to the knowledge of A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M., that there are those who doubt the genuineness of the Letters published from numerous celebrities acknowledging the receipt of his "AWARD OF MERIT." A. SLOPER, Esq., T.W.M., wishes to assure his patrons that every letter that has been published under the title of "THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX" is bona fide, and a Prize of £100 and the "AWARD OF MERIT" itself will be given to anyone who can prove the contrary.

EMPIRE THEATRE OF VARIETIES, LEICESTER SQUARE,
20th March, 1890.

DEAR MR. SLOPER.—I am extremely gratified at having been the recipient of your "Award of Merit." I feel very proud of it, and will always prize it. I have hung it in a very prominent position, and feel great pleasure and pride at being enabled to sign myself Yours sincerely,

MDLLE. JESICCA, F.O.S.

FORTH BRIDGE RAILWAY,
ENGINEERS' OFFICE, 2 QUEEN SQUARE PLACE,
WESTMINSTER, S.W., March 22nd, 1890.

I THANK you heartily for your esteemed "Order of Merit."

Faithfully yours, JOHN FOWLER.

FORTH BRIDGE RAILWAY,
ENGINEERS' OFFICE, 2 QUEEN SQUARE PLACE,
WESTMINSTER, S.W., March 24th, 1890.

SIR BENJAMIN BAKER acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of the interesting "Award of Merit," the design and colouring of which may afford some useful hints, should it be decided, hereafter, to invite public subscriptions for a Memorial Window.

20 ADDISON ROAD, BEDFORD PARK, 25th March, 1890.

MY DEAR ALLY.—Very many thanks for the beautiful "Award of Merit" you so kindly sent me. Believe me, I value such a proof of your good opinion most highly, and shall always be proud to sign myself Yours very sincerely,

KATE CHARD, F.O.S.

THE EMPIRE PALACE, LIMITED, 5 & 6 LEICESTER SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C., March 25th, 1890.

DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you for the "Award of Merit," which I shall always preserve as a token of your esteem and good opinion. Yours very truly,

ALBERTIERI LUIGI, F.O.S.

IDDESLEIGH, SEVENOAKS, March 26th, 1890.

RESPECTED SIR,—Be pleased to receive my sincere thanks for the honour conferred on me, and which I am aware of through the receipt of the valuable certificate just to hand. I may at the same time mention, and this I trust without any offence, that the family of SLOPER are well known to me, and have a well won and world wide reputation as such; and it is, therefore, with much pride, much pleasure, and satisfaction that I find myself recognized as one well worthy of being enrolled, not only as a SLOPER, but a SLOPER extra-ordinary. With renewed thanks, and best wishes for the health, welfare and prosperity of the head of the illustrious House of SLOPER, and also for that of the whole family of SLOPER "root and branch," believe me to remain, respected sir, yours, now very Sloperly,
HARRISON WEIR, F.R.H.S., F.O.S., ETC.
To A. SLOPER, Esq.

F.O.S.

The Eminent has this day conferred his

AWARD OF MERIT

upon the following Ladies and Gentlemen, the qualifications being stated beneath each name:—

LUCY CLARKE,
Because she is a music(h)ally
inclined young lady.HERBERT COLE,
Because he has written some of the
popular songs of the day.FRANK COOPER,
Because he shines in London
Day by Day.HERMAN HENDRICKS,
Because he's a man and a brother.T. A. KENNEDY,
Because he's a King Laughmaker
of the world.G. W. KENWAY,
Because as a mimic he is
unimitable.FREEMAN LLOYD,
Because he acted as ring steward
on behalf of "Snatcher."ZELIE DE LUSSAN,
Because she is an ideal
Juliet.FANNY MOODY,
Because, when in the mood, she
sings splendidly.GEORGE RAPER,
Because, as a judge of dogs, he gave
"Snatcher" a prize at the show.SIGNOR SUCCI,
Because he can live on nothing.LUCY WEBLING,
Because she stands second only to
Vera Berlinger."THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane,
April 19th, 1890. Fleet Street, London, E.C.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1:1:0 and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" have been presented to

Private W. T. HUNTER, 5 Ward, P Lines, 3rd Station
Hospital, North Camp, Aldershot.

for the Best Nursery Rhyme, old style (printed hereunder),
having for its first Line the words,

THERE WAS A SWEET YOUTH NAMED BAIRD.

THERE was a sweet youth named Baird,
Who, when asked to resign, never cared;
At the house of this joker
Two "pugs" played at "poker,"
When Bill's health was a "Goode" deal impaired.

* Subscribers of not less than Half a Crown will receive (post-free) a Cabinet size Photograph of A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M., with the Eminent's autograph on the back.

ALLY SLOPER'S
CHRISTMAS APPEAL
FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR OF LONDON.SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED IN LAST WEEK'S "HALF
HOLIDAY," £249 11s. 2½d. SINCE RECEIVED:—HORACE JACKSON, 2d.; KATE, 2d.; P. G. MARSHALL, 2s. 6d.; ALLY
SLOPER, Esq., Friend of Man, 2s. 11½d.

Making a total received up to April 8th, 1890—£250.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

SLOPER felt two inches taller when a noble lord rushed into Blissville, shouting, "Hail! all hail!" But, alas! the N. L. was only alluding to the weather.

A COURT you may enter without any charge being made—Mildew Court.

If "manly" means "like a man," "Gooseley" must mean "like a —" (Hush! he's listening!)

SLOPER has turned playwright. His offer of a nine-act tragedy to Gus H., Esq., has elicited the following flattering reply:—"DEAR ALLY,—Thanks, awfully. Verily, you are well named F. O. M., for you have bestowed on me 'the piece which passeth all understanding.'"

A BLOOD RELATION.—A threepenny shocker.

A DANGEROUS place to live in is Sheffield. The chief business of the inhabitants is to "knife" people.

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

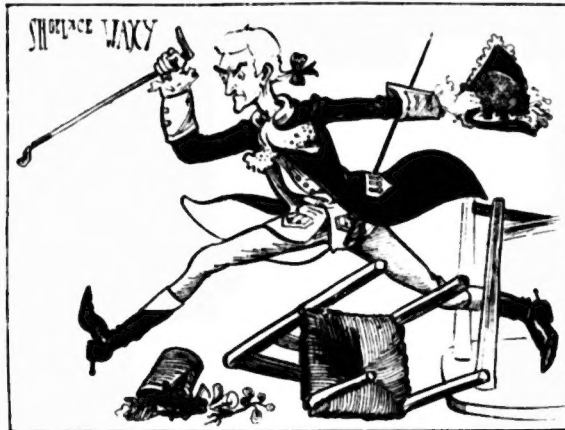
CLARISSA HIGHLOW: AN UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR.

BY RAMUEL RICHARDSON.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

To describe, with anything bearing even the smallest resemblance to accuracy, the state of mind indulged in by Shoe lace when he returned to Covent Garden to find his love a non cat woman, none but the limner's art can be employed. Thus much was the fellow angered.

Now that you are acquainted with the exact extent of Shoe lace's



Very much upset.

indignation, you will be all the better able to appreciate the incidents of

CHAPTER VI.

THE night is cloudy; so is the expression of the stranger who paces the lawn before the country mansion of the Harlowes. There's a threatening look in the sky; so there is in the stranger. Moisture is on the brow of the Highlow hill, which leads to the weathercock and pigeon-house combination; moisture, too, is on the brow of the stranger. Bitter is the night; bitter is the stranger. In fact, for the first time, possibly, on record, Man and Meteorology agree. This happens to be a lucky circumstance for you as well as for us; for you, because you are not the man; for us, because there's nothing like a bad night for bringing out all the various traits of a bad man. Talking of trays, we are reminded to tell you that there is thunder in the heavens. You may not have noticed it, but there is. This, also, is a lucky



A knife state of affairs.

For nearly all ways such rolls are found to contain a good 50 per cent. of sheet lightning, which illuminates the scene so often that, although one flash gives you a very poor idea of the position of things generally, you may in time know where the villain is standing, what he is doing, and—actually!—what he is wearing.

It is now time that we threw a series of the flashes across our picture, just to show you what is happening on this cloudy, threatening, moist, bitter, and stormy night:

Alas! what terrible crimes are we acquainted with by means of this lightning process! See how Sir Charley Chippy lies murdered in his night shirt—lies, stabbed to the place where his heart used to be, on the gravel walk below the terrace in front of Clarissa's home! See, too, who the man is that creeps, gory knife in hand, out of sight of the

night-gowned Knight! It is Shoe lace—Shoe lace—who, on finding out Clarissa's whereabouts, and her gadabouts with Sir Charley, has paid a brief visit to Highlow Hall, and managed, during the sojourn, to drag his rival from his bed, and kill him in the garden. We thought something dreadful would happen after Shoe lace's exhibition of wrath in the first picture. A man doesn't get in a rage like that for nothing.



Arrested on suspicion.

we suppose, that it would be disgustingly premature on the part of the murdered person's relatives to go into mourning before the murder.

Great is the excitement in the neighbourhood of Highlow Hall, especially as Clarissa has been arrested on suspicion.

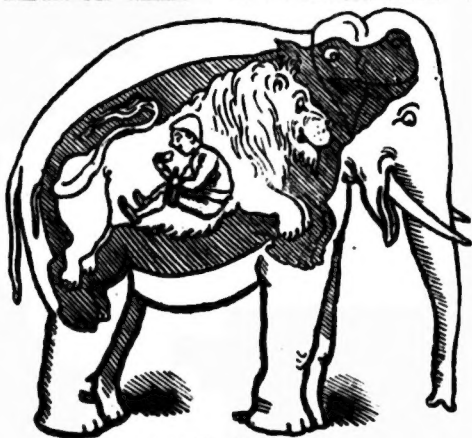
(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



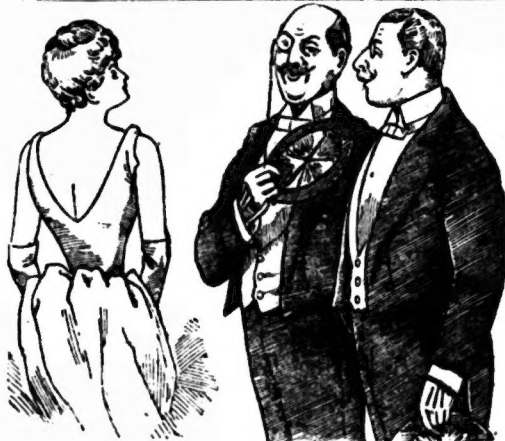
No. 127.—A. CHEVALIER, F.O.S.

"Although A. Chevalier is not what can exactly be called one of the geniuses of the age, still he is undoubtedly a very clever personage, his principal propensities being his dove-like meekness and his lion-like nobleness. For many years, although Albert tried hard to climb the ladder of fame, success refused to crown his efforts. An actor had he sworn to be, and no other profession, be it ever so flourishing, would suit his modest ambition. At last, an opportunity occurred at which he seized immediately. A travelling show was in want of a skeleton dude: why not weigh in for the position? No sooner was the thought conceived in our hero's mind, than he at once took means for carrying it out by commencing a forty days' fast. At the end of this period, a great change was seen in our hero. Hitherto as plump as Dickens' fat boy, he became as thin as a clothes-prop, and thus easily secured the vacant Skeleton Dude-snip. Our hero advanced rapidly in his profession: from skeleton dude to pig faced boy, from pig faced boy to bearded lady, and so on until he reached his present position in the profession. Chiefly because he is a first rate comedian, our hero was created F.O.S. and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him March 17th, 1888."—*Debrett Improved.*



MISSING RELATIVES.

T.H. left home ten years ago. Since then nothing has been heard of him. His sweetheart wishes to know his present address.



1st Swell. That's a pretty woman.
2nd ditto. Looks rather sour.
1st Swell. Only a little tart!



1st Lady. And is your husband affectionate to you here?
2nd Lady. Almost too much, my dear; in fact, people begin to think we are not married.

BUSINESS OR PLEASURE.



She. Are you so very busy to-day, Mr. Snoddy?
He. Yaas, very. Horseback this morning—luncheon—stroll through park this afternoon—dinner—theatre—supper—one hardly knows how to turn oneself, bai love!



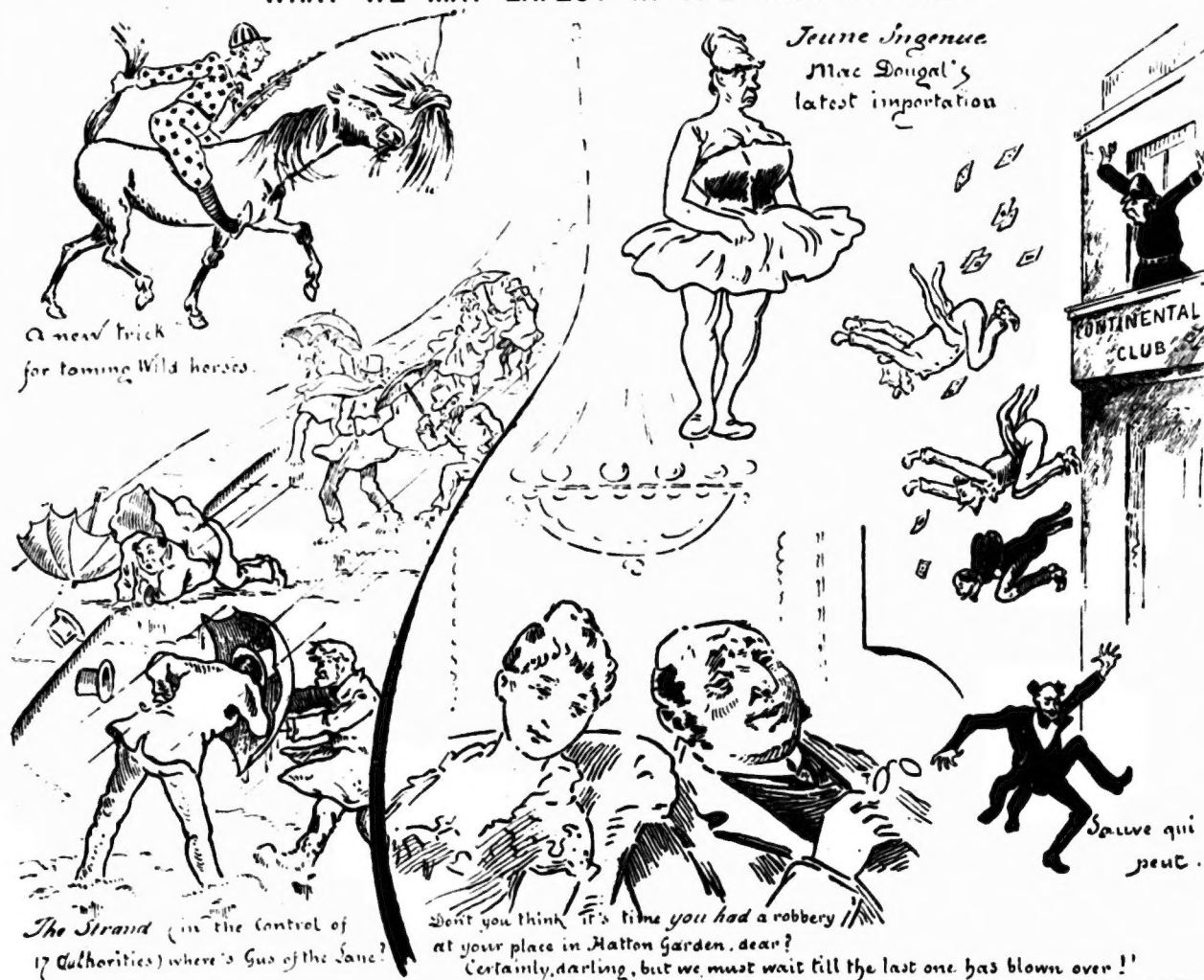
A BAD JOKE.

Receiving an invitation for a ball from a friend who lives fifteen miles away, and who knows nothing about it.



"And how much to ride all round the Heath?" "Well, it's art a crown the ride, an' a bob deposit on the 'oss; we've 'ad so many 'osses stole lately, we're 'bliged to be pertickler."

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IN THE NEAR FUTURE.



AFTER THE EASTER MANŒUVRES.



Magistrate. What have you to say to the charge?
Prisoner. Oh, the cost doesn't frighten me, it's the accommodation I object to.

COURTSHIP.



"Love is blind, they say,—but not so blind as old Miss Goosebury, thank goodness!"